To lifte ſhrewd ſteele againſt our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill gardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
Salisb. Nor neare nor farther off my gratious Lo:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth:
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men,
To day to day vnhappie daie too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioies friends, fortune and thy ſtate,
For all the Welſhmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke diſperſt and fled.
Aum. Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace ſo pale.
King But now the bloud of 20000. men,
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that wilbe ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my liege remember who you are.
King I had forgot my ſelfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward Maieſty thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twenty thouſand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes,
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vncle Yorke,
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scro. More health and happines betide my liege,
Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King Mine eare is open, and my hart prepard,

The

The worſt is worldly l
Say, is my kingdome lo
And what loſſe is it to
Striues Bullingbrooke
Greater he ſhall not be
Weele ſerue him to, an
Reuolt our ſubiects, th
They breake their faith
Crie woe, deſtruction,
The worſt is death, and
Scro. Glad am I, that
To beare the tidings of
Like an vnſeaſonable ſ
Which makes the ſilue
As if the world were a
So high aboue his limi
Of Bullingbrooke cou
With hard bright ſteel
White beards haue arm
Againſt thy maieſty: b
Striue to ſpeake big an
In ſtiffe vnweildy arm
Thy very beadſmen le
Of double fatall ewe ag
Yea diſtaffe women m
Againſt thy ſeate: both
And all goes worſe the
King Too well too w
Where is the Earle of
What is become of Bu
That they haue let the
Meaſure our confines
If we preuaile, their h
I warrant they haue m
Scro. Peace haue th
King Oh villaines, vi
Dogs eaſily woon to fa

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